





M E L Z I N G A :

A

S O U V E N I R .

BY

C. A. D.



Goethe says, one should at least every day hear a little song; read a good poem; look upon some excellent picture, and if it be possible speak a few sensible words.

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J O U R N A L .

GUIDING her palfrey along the mountain's
Side, fair Marion, with her sire,
Three knights on a pic-nic met,
All intent shrubs to bring,
The place to deck, and greet the Spring.

From the mountain they bore
An Indian arrow head,
Rescued by Walter from its ancient bed,
Where long it had reposed ;
Where deeds of valor and renown

The warrior chief on game intent,
In mountain hunt his way had bent,
Along the pathway wound ;
Now the vine, with genial bloom,
Luxuriates in the rich perfume ;
And where vast solitudes dismay
Reigned with undisputed sway,
Now teems with life and nurture gay—
The grape its tendrils bind,
Obedient to the mountain wind.

To Melzinga's vale they sped, as when
Along the stream whose dashing roar
Awakes the echo from the shore,
And forms the music of the glen.

Both sire and son, with fell
Disease have grappled now,

And o'er their brightest prospects flung
The blighted hope, the withered one.
Young Walter and his promised bride,
Richly blest in nature's pride,
Have early proved how brief is life,
How brittle all its sweetest hopes.
To rest the heart is not in earth,
Or cheer its hours with firmest wealth ;
'Tis not in love to check the birth
Of poison to the smile of health.

Then far above all sensual joy,
Let Reason plant her banner high,
And Faith exult, that she may trust
Her treasures where the moth can't ply.

A beam divine of intellectual beauty
Dawns upon the soul !

Oh task me not to tell thee more ;
The stars are glimmering on the shore,
The silent night bespeaks a calm,
And still and hushed the world's alarm—
We weary, love, without thee !

Wilt thou say 'tis dull, not worthy a thought ?
With neither fancy, wit, or feeling wrought,
How shall we such presumption treat ?
With shrugs and frowns, and grave grimace,
To thick-coming fancies we must leave the dame,
Bid her the needle ply, or plod through the game.

But should perchance an appreciating gleam
Dance in thy fancy, or delude in a dream ;
With magnetic springs the mind unfold,
“ Live o'er each scene, and be what we behold,”

Then with kindred soul exalt, inspire,
Breathe through the heart, and strike the trembling
lyre—

Rejoice in sympathy, be firm in love,
And trust a ruling Deity above.

April.

The Journal droops ; the lagging Spring
Delays the promised budding flower ;
The hills are brown, and do not ring
With sonnets at the dawn's fresh hour.
Neighbor——with converse free,
Social warmth and genial glee,
Dilates at length on various themes
As pleasant as the morning dreams
Of sunlit hours, when fancy reigned,
And o'er my life those hearts beloved
That now are hushed and rest with God,
Whose loss has sobered all my views of life.

The best embalment of their memory,
Is training those fair branches
Whose culture most demands our care ;
Those mated hearts, whose souls absorbed
In sympathy profound, seeking a haven
Fair to launch their bark of life, and on the
Untried Ocean trim their sails—so fraught
With pure affection and esteem, that
Faith believes their voyage of life with
Happiest gales shall waft them on to the
Bright eternal shores, where hopes fulfilled
Shall promised blessedness insure.
How oft at eve does memory bring the
Forms of those with whom my heart has shared
Its joys, and in whose sympathy my fond
Affection rested, the interchange
Of thought and feeling too, we miss,
And deeply share their present happiness ;

When earthly duties are fulfilled, to
Join them where the weary are at rest,
Where themes eternal shall
Employ our noblest powers,
And time shall cease to be divided into hours.

“ Leave, if thou wouldst be lonely,
Leave nature for the crowd,
Seek there, for one, one only,
With kindred mind endowed.”

* * * *

The revellers met—the waltz’s maze
And vocal art with sweetest skill
Dispersed all mists, and gloomy haze
Dissolved in mirth and free good will.

The week thus closed,
The morning dawned,

Assembled we repair
To hear the gifted preacher's voice,
To breathe the earnest prayer.
With souls devout, and hearts disposed
To grateful themes of praise, to thoughts of
Good, the mind composed, the patient
Spirit raised to contemplate creation's
Work, and all its rays dispensed
To man, of mercy and beneficence.

“ Poetry hath been its own
Exceeding great reward,
Afflictions it hath soothed,
Rough paths smoothed;
Enjoyments it has refined
And multiplied—solitude endeared;
And to the desire gave birth,
To tune the heart to innocent mirth,

And to discover the good and
The beautiful, in all that surrounds us.”
The gatherings of the clan were frequent—
The viol and the dance,
The timbrel and the harp,
The lover’s powers and the poet’s art;
All essayed to hasten on the hours,
To brighten and expand life’s simplest flowers.
The hour of parting came,
’Tis hard to sever
The fond heart ever
From the joys of sweet companionship ;
When with another self we have communed,
The fountains of the heart unlock—
The streams gush forth of love and gratitude.

The artist’s studio was visited,
The pencil’s magic work extolled.

The Speedwell embarks from Holland,
The noble daring of the pilgrim band ;
Elder Bre^wster, with open book,
Uplifted eye and martyr'd look,
All gathered round, meekly to implore
The aid of heaven—and from their souls adore
That Power whose protecting arm,
Would shield them from the storm
And all their fears disarm ;
Safely land them on the distant shore
Triumphant on the ocean's bosom,
And cheer with hope to yield no more
To miscalled zeal and persecution.

* * * * *

Blessed Saviour, I am thine,
Let me feel that thou art mine—
Holy child of God I'd be,
Blest to live always with thee.

Let thy Spirit form my heart,
All impurity depart ;
Let thy presence cheer my soul,
And thy love my life control.
Then in blessedness with thee,
Here, or elsewhere, shall we be ;
Let us cast all gloom away,
Let it be our joy to pray.

Let us serve thee, Father, Friend,
Let our souls to thee ascend ;
Let the electric fire of love
Seek a refuge for the dove,
And the olive branch of peace impart
An asylum for the pure in heart.

* * * * *

The rippling water and the graceful sail,
The misty mountain and the shady vale,

The humid air, all tended to inspire
A thoughtful tone of poetic fire.
The clouds collected
And the thunder roll'd,
The rain descended, and the mountains
Frowned in majesty sublime—
The morning followed, and the sunbeam
Dispelled and chased the mists that
Lowered on night's sable brow :
Its pensiveness had parted,
And from the eye the tear just started
Beamed again with cheerful hope.

Thou wilt be glad to meet Isabel,
Greet thy dear sister well :
The ties that bind thy young hearts
Are tender and deep ;

Bright are thy early days,
Merry thy roundelays,
Far be the days when thou'lt weep ;
Yet tears are the mothers of virtues,
And affliction the steps we ascend to the skies—
Then treasure the lessons on life's pages imprest,
And turn to those heavens where faith never dies.

The daughter has come the circle to cheer ;
Welcome, thou friend of the heart,
Thy presence is hailed ever dear,
Calm pleasure thou dost ever impart.
How soon the sunshine of youth is o'ercast,
The shadows lengthen as we pass on
From hour to hour, no lingering in the
Sands of the glass—'twere best
To leave the poetic flower,
And sweeten the current of life

With smiles and joyous glee,
Banish pensive images, musing,
And flee away with sombre images.
Care worn, melancholy visages,
Are only suited for cells and cloister,
Telling beads and *pater noster* ;
But all this time thy sun descends,
And what report do the hours bear ?
Does the recording angel mark the
Smallest space of time improved ?
Dost thou guard the issues of thine heart ?
Are all the sands diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass ?
“ As in water, face answereth to face,
So the heart of man to man.”
Brighter than jewels rare,
Or dew-drops on the ambient air,
Is the sympathy that flows

From heart to heart, when in
Bewilderment of delight, we find
Kindred spirits, congenial mind :
'Tis too great a bliss to last—
When found, one ever wings its flight
To lasting regions of delight,
And leaves its mate to mourn.

* * * * *

“ The clouds drop fatness,”
The earth shall rejoice,
The time of the singing of birds hath come ;
The flowers shall spring,
The green trees bring
The load of blossoms and fruit.

“ The clusters of grapes sent out of
Babylon, implore favor for the
Exuberant leaves of the vine ;

For had there been no leaves,
You had lost the grapes."

May 4th.

Not one thought this fair page to adorn !
The arrivals were frequent on yesterday's morn,
From the East and the South
They all clustered around the old hall ;
The old and the young, the grave and the gay,
The boys and the birds, the infant and all,
Assembled, their devotions to pay
At the shrine of the Hudson, whose fair bay
Is reflected, with magical beauty,
In glass all portraying the artistical duty
To represent nature, in the verdure of spring ;
To paint every flower, each blossom to bring
To perfection—each shrub as reflected,
And gild every joy of the heart is expected,
With lover-like tints and hopes ambrosia,
To expand the buds of the grand magnolia ;

The hearts-ease and tulip, the rose and the lily,
The sweet blooming violet and modest enemy.

* * * *

The laughter-loving dames have departed—
We must retire, while unbroken hearted,
To repair the ravages of mirth—
Eleven strikes, around the hearth
I leave the glowing embers,
For May still shivers
With the recollection of her former fevers.
Sunshine and showers alternate
Play, and bo-peep keep
With obedient clouds
Whose pleasure 'tis to weep.

* * * *

In the garden I rambled,
The sweets were assembled—
The fish and the birds,

The plants without number
Their names too encumber
My memory oft with distraction invest ;
And whether grave or in jest
Enforced the reflection
And proposed for inspection,
The beauties of nature
Displayed to my view.
But where turns not the eye
To the wonders on high,
When night with her worlds
Bespangles the sky,
And the moon her bright crescent displays.
'Tis then we feel how limited
Our knowledge, and how boundless the
Creator's power ; in adoration rapt,
We seek for signs and symbols to express
Our feeble sense, of the presence that fills

All space, and onward tends to the perfection
Of creation.

Enlarge the powers thou hast given
To man, and with ennobling culture let
Him train his mind to themes that will
Exalt and raise him to thyself, the fountain
Of all knowledge, love supreme and blessedness,
That passes the belief of finite beings.
Let their harps be strung anew, and
All their strings be tuned to melody.

The Bobolinkum's evening song thrilled
Through the woods, and on the ear resounded
With sweeter melody than prisoned
Songsters ; each bird now seeks the retired
Bough, and with wearied wing reposes till
The morn again calls forth their strains of
Melody and hymns of praise ; let not the

Voice of man alone be wanting, to send
Forth the notes of grateful joy.

The shades of evening closer draw,
The moon her narrow crescent gleams upon
The water, the roseate hue is reflected
In the Hudson's placid mirror.
For all the mercies of the day, with gratitude
O'erflow our hearts, and with the brightest
Beams of thankfulness, let our evening
Prayer ascend.

* * * * *

Oh, for sympathies divine,
May I feel that thou art mine ;
Guide my spirit, fill my heart,
Let me love thee as I ought.
Fill my soul with joy supreme,
Sanctify each waking dream ;

Let not distrust banish,
From thy presence ever vanish
Each dissembling fear—
Let me feel that thou art near.
Exalt, ennoble, and refine
The hearts thou formed for love divine.
Let not low pursuits engage
The noble beings thou hast made ;
From strength to strength impart
The power to purify the heart.
From star to star let bliss extend
From world to world that has no end ;
Wisdom from thy self impart,
To know thee, as alone thou art.
Cleave the rock, and let the waters flow,
From duty to be happier than we know.
Let it be our meat and drink
Thy will to do, while on the brink

Of life we pass the valley through.
Draw from the picture gallery
Painted by memory.
Let the strings vibrate—
May all the notes penetrate ;
Happily thankful, let the notes ascend
To thee, the source, the fountain and the end.

May 21.

Welcome a well known guest,
Who with varied powers
Gives wings to the hours—
Instruction imparts.
With hilarity's art.
By Dryden and Pope the breakfast is graced—
At the close of the meal to the garden they haste ;
And with congenial powers
Beguile the fleeting hours.
“ Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews ;

Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light :
And varied tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted floweret, in the stream below,
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow ;
Here aged trees embowering walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows.”
There oft retired the Ionian bard peruse—
Astonished that his cultivated muse
No higher themes than fabled woes could dare,
The warrior’s battles and the charms of fair.
We miss not much the intercourse that flows
From casual meetings ; how few who know
The method to impart, for mind the culture,
And for warmth the heart.
To books, those silent solacers, we’re driven—
To comfort us on earth, and form for Heaven.

May 23.

R. views with a jealous eye his brother's fame ;

D. is not sick—luxury and ease his aim—

S. sarcastically sweet he calls,

F. is bustling busy in the halls.

H. is made to stir the people up.

Then prithee, friend, what are thy deserts,

And why thus unappreciated thy worth ?

The world to folly and the love of lucre given,

Does not devote the zeal it should to heaven ;

Thy sense and talent not rated as they should,

To all intents and purpose, by the good.

Then let the sweets of life thy mind presage,

And prune away the shoots that now engage ;

Good humor will the gloom dispel,

And teach the blessed wisdom of judging well.

May 24.

The few assembled to meditate awhile

On subjects lofty, and on themes divine.

To raise their thoughts from earth to heaven,
Thanks to return for mercies given,
And supplicate for full supplies
Of spiritual food, and aims beyond the skies.

ON NAMING A HALL.

May 25.

To designate the halls where crowds shall meet
In council or devotion, to complete
The honor paid his fame has won,
We'll call it by the name of Washington !
These hills have echoed to his well earned fame,
Each heart reveres and venerates his name.
To future ages we will hand the theme
Dear to each mind ; and pleasing as the dream
Of cherished forms, his pârtners in the toil

Of war were here in duty found,
Each sacred relique to the heart is bound.
The memory vibrates with reverential fear,
Filial affection drops the grateful tear ;
By a nation cherished as her honor'd son,
The cypress and the laurel form the wreath he won.

* * * *

The full heart would expand
From memory's band, and o'erflow with flowers,
Joyous were the hours
When, with sympathy met,
They strove to forget
That time had wasted their flowers.
Along the bank of life they parted ;
And o'er the summer of their days
Were their hearts united.
He's dead ! She'll ne'er behold him more—
She'll seek him in the bowers above,

And there perfected will be their love !
In robes of white, with hymns of praise,
The anthems to *His* name they'll raise.
With garlands of celestial flowers
We'll sanctify the passing hours ;
Then in perfect strains of bliss
We'll dedicate such happiness.

* * * *

We steamed and railed, till our welcome
Warm hearted, was shown by the cordial glow
That from the city of love should ever flow ;
The sun shone bright, and busy sounds
Were heard around.

To Laurel Hill, we visited the mansions
Of the dead, and gathered flowers—
They've bloomed where the dead repose
And in peace have rescued their sorrows
And their woes from this world's haunts—

Their spirits soar aloft, and in brightest
Gems arrayed, will waft, their harps displayed ;
Borne above the jars and strife
That agitate this mortal life,
They hail us from the realms of day,
Sister spirits, come away—
We'll haste with joy to brighten gems
That shine immortal in those realms,
Where bliss and peace forever dwell,
Eternal joys no tongue can tell ;
Then tune our harps to sweetest sound,
And modulate their strains around.
'Twill emulate our souls anew,
To contemplate this pensive view,
With stream and gently sloping hill—
Obedient to the sculptor's will,
The monumental urn,
Bespeaks affliction stern,

That severed from the parent stems
The cherished, brightest gems
Of hopes and joys the highest given,
To train the human heart for heaven.

Next day we visited the Carey mansion,
And admired the taste, both rare and chaste,
Of sculpture and of painting, the stately
Abbess, and the tragic Fanny, the shell
Girl, and the marble boy ; no crouching
Venus, or Diana bold, or rare Apollo—
But specimens modest and select,
Refreshed the eye.

After our tea, Lord A. was announced,
With gracious manners, and discreetest skill ;
On various themes he spake, at home on all.
From the Capitol the sage returned,

His hands with papers filled, with plans his
Head—after dining, we accompanied
Him to the grounds at the President's house
Where music, and gay forms the scene adorned.

From the President a deputation came
Our party inviting, to ascend and view
The paintings of Heily, the American
Artist, sent by Louis Philippe to copy
The form of Washington, to adorn the
Versailles gallery—the king asserting,
“That none but an American could
Paint Washington.” The east room and green we
Then observed, space and splendor ! but ah,
How desolate ! no home adornments, no
Domestic traits to cheer the heart, or animate
The mind, refresh with little tokens of repose,
And all the treasury of love disclose.

June 20th.

Visited the house and the senate, the

Library of thirty-five thousand volumes, the colossal
Statue of Washington, the Baptism of
Pocahontas, by Chapman, the miniature
In perfection of Victoria, by Freeman.
Heard Mr. Adams speak in the House,
All rude disorder and wild confusion,
All but the reporters were deafened
By the din.

Then to the patent office
Where ingenuity has tasked her
Fullest powers, most skilfully to portray
With nicest touches, and extremest art,
All models, displayed with scientific
Skill. Treaties, and jewels, of diamonds
Fac-similies, the largest known—by the
Queen of Portugal possessed.
Animals of all sorts, birds with bright and downy wings,
And rarest keepsakes, the gift of kings.

Two guns by the Bey of Tunis to Jefferson
Presented, one with coral and silver inlaid,
The other in richest gold arrayed.
The value three thousand and five,
A costly morsel from the royal hive.
Our names we signed in the book of state,
Then took our leave at the noble gate.

Oh diplomacy ! oh politica ! the thread bare
Reputation spare—to draw the veil, forbear, forbear, !
Turn my heart to quiet scenes.
For purest joys give me the means,
And let all mental pleasures flow
From streams, that conflicts never know.
'Tis rare to find things not overrated,
'Tis still more rare if not misstated ;
Give me the judgment to suspend
All sentence, that would lead me to condemn.

Dost thou not think it savors of evasion ?
Thou in the friendship of the world art
Better versed than I, 'tis a painful
Subject, but alas ! I fear, the shadow's
More than the substance bear, evasion
And delusion, lead one on, and end
Too often in dissimulation.
I would that thy hopes had better food ;
Learn wisdom from the shifting scenes of
Life, and study well the science to be good.

ON SEEING MADEMOISELLE E—— DANCE FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE ORPHANS' ASYLUM.

Fanny bright and graceful creature !
Beauty beams in every feature ;
Thy motions are all harmonious,
Would thy hopes were glorious ;

Thy touching gracefulness wins upon the heart,
And for thy best good, would the hope impart
That all thine efforts here, may yet result in good,
Purify thy heart, and let thy soul seek
Spiritual blessings, for the Orphans thou
Hast danced this night—is not that a prayer?
May tenfold treasures to thy bosom be returned,
Let those who have had line upon
Line, and precept upon precept,
Beware they judge thee not.

PASSING UP THE HUDSON.

June 28th.

Ye towering hills whose graceful slope
Down to the water's edge, whose outline bold
Marked by the silvery evening sky,
Fringed with the lofty pine or graceful

Hemlock—the dashing boat cutting her
Rapid course through the parted waves with
Roaring foam, contrast in bold relief with
The graceful sweeping sail, a villa partly
Hid, and part revealed, deep in the
Embowering wood ; the sparks, like falling
Stars, quenching their brief light in the Hudson's
Bosom ; “ The weary sun hath made a golden
Set, and gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.”

July 4th.

The day has dawned, that marked the freedom
Of the nation ; years have passed when
With high hopes, and lofty purposes the
Heroes of the olden time, resisted,
Fought, and bled, and conquered too ;
Their sons but little know the fathers' conflicts
In those times, that tried the souls of men.

On this day it was, two of the sages*
Sank to rest, and with the meed in view,
“ Well done, good and faithful servants,”
They bowed their heads in bright exchange of worlds.

July 8th.

What are the beneficial effects
Of Herschel's discoveries ? The ocean
Is navigated with much greater
Certainty, the latitude and longitude
Are more accurately calculated.
With lofty purpose he estimated
The distance of the brilliant stars,
And for the mariner gave certain laws
To guide him when toss'd upon the ocean's
Bosom, teaching the power to direct his course
With skilfulness and superior force.

* Adams and Jefferson.

July 9th.

Oh life ! thou art a varied scene
Of bliss to-day and grief to-morrow,
Bright spots are woven in between
From happiness too briefly borrowed.

A BIRTH DAY.

Dear girl, my hopes for thee are sparkling in my mind,
With meek devotion thy mother would implore
Each virtue, science, and hope adore
For thy development and content,
And to thy Creator raise
The notes of gratitude, the hymn of praise.
Remembering in the season of thy youth
The fount of wisdom and the source of truth;

Let thy steps be early led,
And immortal hopes be fed
With manna spiritual and divine,
Thy best affections to refine.
Each wish control, and joy impart
Rich harvest for the pure in heart.
May every grace of woman's mind
From thee the richest culture find,
Till thou, with every virtue blest,
Shall flourish in thy soul possesst,
Then raised above all earthly joy
Thy noblest powers will employ.
I ask for thee, the noblest wealth,
Contentment, competence and health ;
But discipline must come from thy Father's hand
Above, and let the little flowering band
All bloom around, expand

In bright perfection's hour,
And renew with magic power
From day to day, in genial star
Each blessed aim discerned afar,
To lead them on their heavenly way
When dawns for them eternal day.

July 14th.

Oh loneliness I love thee not !
Banish from my lowly cot
Disquieting thoughts,
That with them bring
The fears that spring
From altered forms and dreams of life.

Silent and sad the evening lyre,
I trim my taper, light my fire ;
The quiet empress of the night
Sheds her tranquil sober light

On all the world around,
And o'er the mountain casts a hue
As deep, as broad, as lovely too
As on the river's brink.

" Thou hast taught me, silent river !
Many a lesson deep and long ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
I can give thee but a song.

" Oft in sadness and in illness
I have watched thy current glide,
'Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me like a tide.

" And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter
And leap onward with thy stream.

“ Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue,
From celestial seas above thee,
Take their own celestial hue.

“ Friends, my soul with joy remembers,
How like quivering flames they start—
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart.

“ ’Tis for this, thou silent river !
That my spirit leans to thee,
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.”*

July 17th.

The holy Sabbath morn !
This day it was that Christ rose from the

* Longfellow.

Dead, and became the first fruits of them that slept.
And upon this world of night,
Burst this bright and beaming light
Which found the world in gloom !
That spoke to ages then unborn,
And cast a radiance around the tomb
'Till then, unknown before.

* * * *

With solitude opprest, breathed the wish
A friend to meet,
The look of interest and delight
That met our unexpected sight,
Cheered and refreshed the mind ;
And then with sympathy so fraught,
The trusting spirit was fully taught
The needed aid to claim ;
It came spontaneous from the heart,
To raise the mind with useful art
Its fondest hopes to hail.

To persevere in duty's path,
To tax with mental skill the mart,
And let the numbers flow.
In exercise let genius find
Congenial warmth, and answering mind
In blessedness to live.

July 18.

Lovely, lovely, blooming weather—
Beauteous are the tints that gather
Around the torch of youth.
But when life is wasted,
And its hours have tasted
The fruits of soberness and joy ;
'Tis then we gather its lingering roses,
And in such hopes the heart reposes
To catch the falling leaves of life.
Be calm, my soul, and cheer the way
That leads unto eternal day.

“ Delightful praise like summer rose
That brighter in the dew drop glows.”

RAMBLING.

Thou saidst he was behind the age !
“ Berkeley’s theory of vision was condemned
As a philosophical romance, and now
Forms an essential part of every theory
Of optics. Fontenell’s history of oracles
In his youth, it was censured for impiety,
But the centenarian lived to see it regarded
As a proof of his respect for religion.
Petrarch kindled a line of light through his
Native land.
Rollin is only a compiler of history,
But races yet unborn will be enchanted

By that man, in whose works the heart
Speaks to the heart—whom Montesquieu
Calls the bee of France.

The Addisons, the Fontenells and Feyjoos,
Who taught England, France and Spain,
To become a reading people—while their
Fugitive page, with sweetness imbues
Every uncultivated mind, like the
Perfumed mould taken up by the
Persian swimmer, “it was but a piece
Of common earth, but roses were planted
In my soil, and through my pores
Their odors have deliciously penetrated.
The infusion of sweetness I have retained,
Otherwise I had been but a lump of earth.”

Evelyn first taught his countrymen how to
Plant, then to build, and having taught
Them how to be useful without doors,

He attempted to divert and occupy
Them within, by his treatises on
Paintings, medals, libraries.
Inquire how the fleets of Nelson
Have been constructed—they can tell
You it was with the oaks, which the genius
Of Evelyn planted.

“ We slowly commemorate the intellectual
Character of our own country ; let
Monuments be raised, let medals be struck !
They are sparks of glory which might be
Scattered through the next age !
There is a singleness and unity in the
Pursuits of genius, which are carried on
Through all ages, and will forever connect
The nations of the earth.
The immortality of thought exists for man.
Let the intellectual chain of power
Be carried on from mind to mind.

The book of Telemachus, says Madam de Staël,
Was a courageous action, to insist
With such ardor on a sovereign's duties
In a voluptuous reign—disgraced Fenelon
At the court of the fourteenth Louis, but the author
Raised a statue for himself in all hearts."

July 20th.

All earthly habitations are dull,
Pilgrims of earth we linger here,
Until thy voice shall call us home.
Peaceful heavenly dove,
Let thy banner over us be love !
Thoughts are flowers, let them bloom
When night is o'er,
And when our spirits then shall pour
Into thy bosom our love.

Let those wreathes by fancy drest,
Emblems of our faith express,
And holiness to thee !
Let our minds with upward spring,
From thy fulness ever bring
The needed strength and aid.
Till all thy will performed,
In adoration we shall find
The harvest of the Eternal Mind.

July 24th.

Oh for society to feast the mind,
The craving wants of the soul combine,
To raise the heart above the themes
That agitate these mortal dreams.
To cultivate our highest powers
And elevate our happiest hours.
With hopes immortal and sublime,
That will not cause us to repine.

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Those words convey
Sympathy and balm to the mind,
That needs strength and stimulants,
And blessed encouragement administered
By the voice of a friend.
A bruised reed thou wilt
Not break ; the smoking flax not quench ;
The tendrils of the heart thou'lt bind with love,
And breathe through all its pores acceptance.

ON VISITING A CEREUS TOO LATE.

July 25th.

Visited the Cereus, but the flower had bloomed,
And the progress of time had its beauties entombed,
Its radiant rays of purest white
Had closed again in endless night.

How short the glories of the day
When hasting on their mortal way,
Who shall with strictest skill impart
The wisdom to improve the heart ?

Its lasting treasures shall endure
Beyond all thrones, where all is pure,
Where flowers of endless perfume rise
In incense through the ascending skies.

Let noblest themes our minds employ
To lead the heart to endless joy,
All low pursuits to banish,
To purest love our lives devote.

Immortal interests to promote,
Complete the work intrusted to our care—
And in immortal honor bear
The burden of the day.

July 27th.

In a solitary drive to the Grange,
Where primitive simplicity and goodness of heart
Contrast with others of cultivated art ;
When next we changed the scene
And to Neathwood came—where
Statues and paintings, Dianas and fawns,
Embellished with flowers, and garnished with lawns ;
The mansion displayed with delicate skill,
Refreshed by the fountain and cooled by the rill,
And cheered with hospitality's glow,
Sportive humor and the confiding flow
Of social converse.
But must not forget that at home we left
The little man in gray at chess.
The mountain views he had before enjoyed,
With artist taste, he skilfully portrayed
The distant prospects, and the home that made
All hearts seem dear—and now we welcome

The merry group assembled here,
The gambols and the sports of childhood's glee.

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The baptismal water hath bathed thy brow,
And on thy infant face doth beam the smile
Of peace—of such little ones he said,
“Suffer them to come to me, for of such
Are the kingdom of heaven.”

Many hearts this day have been refreshed
In prayer, many pointed to the way
That leads to life eternal.
How fares it with the pastor? Do no
Remembrances cling around his heart,
With thoughts of country and of home?
Will not returning health and brightened
Powers, restore the wish to minister again;
None since thou left hath raised our minds

So high, or with us dwelt in such communion—
Lead us where the springs are deep, the
Pastures full of nourishment divine.

July 28th.

Peaceful was the morning scene,
The harvest ripe for the sickle.
The reaper with sturdy arm and glowing
Heart, bound in sheaves the yellow grain,
Birds with renewed melody poured
Forth their matin songs of gladness.
“Oppressive on my bosom weighs the feeling
Of thoughts that language cannot shape aloud.”

July 31st.

A social circle on the verandah met,
And from the voice tuned to melody
We listened to the tale of fiction.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

The silent shaft of death has pierced a
Noble brow ! the nation mourns ! in thy
Wisdom thou hast rebuked the hopes of France,
Around her head hath bound the cypress wreath.
In the midst of life and health the summons
Came—no note of preparation, no
Parting word ; fatal was the blow that
Severed from the throne, the son, the heir,
The future monarch. Instructed by Thy
Dispensations, may the pilgrims of
Earth learn wisdom ; let rumors
Of war be heard no more ; battles cease ;
And sobered nations, learn the arts of peace.

Oh that we had a Christian
Minister ! one who with tender love and
Holy zeal, should speak the words of peace

And faithfulness ; whose ministrations
Of the sacred rites would touch our hearts,
And with the vital flame illuminate
Our lives, with sympathy fraternal cheer
Our pilgrim course, and lead us on our way
Rejoicing, the young to guide, the aged
To support and bless. His mind with
Knowledge filled, his heart with peace.
To him we'd give our confidence
And sympathy ; and with the tender
Ties of earth we'd bind his heart.

Aug. 2d.

“ Now night has shed her silver dew around,
And with her sable wings embraced the ground.”
Why do we gaze along the trees ?
No long lov'd form advances, all is silent,
The ripple of the water's hushed, the
Groves are still, the youth in distant groups

Their plans arrange, and with gay visions
By fancy drest, anticipate the coming hours.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

Aug. 4th.

The birth-day party passed in glee and
Merriment sincere—the dance, the waltz, the
Goodly cheer, the pleasant manner, and the
Queenly maid, with bridal anniversaries,
Entwined the scene with memories
Drawn from holy cells, deep in the heart.

The hopes that dawn for these rising stars are
Fervent, and a blank is left, to be
Filled up by wisdom deeper than our own.
“On a sudden, I thought the clouds parted—
I saw Venus and her chariot, drawn.

By two doves, in all the radiance of beauty,
The gayety of youth, softness and irresistible
Grace." Dear Annette ! I would, for thee, desire
All to which thy nature can aspire,
The truest wisdom, and the deepest bliss
Are found in modest virtue :
" Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

Aug. 6th.

It is idle to take up my pen ; the
Events of the week have not favored
Reflection ; fears and hopes alternate
Play around the heart, various are the
Rainbow tints that paint the horizon.
" Thick as the humming bees that hunt the golden dew
In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells to suck the balmy seed."
What is not a task ? Whose numbers flow

Harmoniously ? Whose wit exhilarates ?
Whose sense refines, whose confidence rewards ?
Whose love expands, whose tenderness shall melt
The heart, whose piety shall raise the hopes
To heaven ? 'Tis fancy all ! 'till stern reality
Asserts her power, and images ideal
Fade away.

Two northern knights called to inspect a
Sketch. Alas, we fear thy haggard cheek and
Weary look, ill denote peace or health ;
With all this world can give, thou appeareth
Restless, disease seems doing its certain
Work. We grieve to see thee thus, yet thy
Waywardness forbids sympathy, or the
Kindly arts of life to soften sorrow
Or mitigate such woe.
Wilt thou be borne to the blest abodes above,

Where angels dwell? where loftier themes than
Earth employ shall rapturously enchant
Thy quickened vision—where doubt shall
Cease, and sin be done away?

Where these cold hearts shall glow,
These tears shall cease to flow;
The veil removed that shadows now these
Hearts, the love of God shall nourish—old things
Be past away; there shall be no night there,
“Neither light of the sun, for the Lord giveth
Them light, they shall see his face, and his
Name shall be in their foreheads.

There is a river of pure water, clear
As crystal. I saw no temple, for the
Almighty and the Lamb are the temple
Thereof.”

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Aug. 17th.

Have you nothing to say of the visit?

Of judgment and prudence so wise !
Or mountain clad in varied mist,
Or the panoramic view with chasing
Clouds or spots of sunshine ?
Nought of the bat with mystic wing,
Rapid flight, and graceful swing?
That baffled all attempts at capture ;
Ladies covering their hair,
And lords with battledoors made war—
With brooms and shingles all upright,
Poor sightless bird to kill or fright,
And banish from the gay saloon,
Where he had chanced to take a peep,
Seeking for a pleasant station
Where he might catch the ruling fashion.
“ Thy pen runs wild. In truth it does,
But beaten paths are dull and old,
And various is the mood as the aspen’s
Trembling leaf.

The retired evening hour, the sun is
Sinking like a ball of fire, behind the
Western hill—'tis gone, many eyes that
Watched its parting rays will never mark
Its rising, the roar of the water,
The stroke of the oars, the hum of the insects,
The cricket and katydid, the song of the
Locust, the children's glee, the kitten's
Gambols, all proclaim
Rejoicing hearts and cheerful aims.

Will-o'-the-wisp and Jack-o'-the-lanthorn
Endeavoured to light, on her plodding way,
The toiling boat, whose superstitious
Hands, viewed with faint hearts
The magic light, and around
Them gazed with fearful eyes.

What tales does history relate,
But storms of passion jars of state ?
Of poets, what have been the themes
But idle toys and useless dreams ?
When fiction dips her potent pen
In cells where meditation loves to dwell,
What are the scenes her pencil draws
But landscapes spread with fatal flaws,
Or portraits that would raise the blush ?

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THE REGATTA.

The scene was gay—the boats with graceful sweep,
Dressed with their waving pennants,
Danced on the bright blue deep.
Forms most fair, graced the “ Emerald ”
And the “ Seadrift.” Some pleasant converse

Then ensued, cheered and refreshed,
Though brief the space of time, it proved the
Force of sympathy, and thought congenial.
Friendship's chain shall endure forever !
And ceaseless ages still proclaim, forever.

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One might as well say an altar was less
Sacred for having many worshippers.
The evening passed far better than we feared.
An unexpected presence gave interest
To the scene, and springs elastic to the mind.
Could genial influences even be
Exerted, how far from inert would the
Temple be, strive from apathy to free
The channels of the mind.
Of magnetic influence the theme discussed,
This leads to sacred trust in sympathy
Of mind ; to feel the power and strength one
Would reveal.

Away with the heartless forms of life,
Its stiffened modes, its useless glare
Awake the notes now borne on high,
The sacred wish, the earnest prayer.

What is friendship ? How rare it is to find
A friend to whom with confidence and
Sympathy we can unbind our hearts, the
Load of prisoned thoughts that crowd and swell
The memory, and recollections
Fond, that fill the eye and bid the bosom
Heave the unobtrusive sigh ; but all is
Well ! the pilot at the helm sleeps not ; the
Watchful and the Omnipotent the constant
Vigil keeps.
Time with unwearied wing speeds on, and
Marks the progress that we daily make

Along the path of virtue.
With needless care tax not thy mind,
Thou canst not make one hair white or black.
Behold the lilies of the field !
They toil not, neither do they spin,
Yet Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed like one of them.
Then cast thy burthen on the Lord,
He careth for thee, he loveth thee !
This, is friendship.

The passages thou hast praised
We read o'er with pleasure ;
Would that the sense and the measure
Had been more to thy taste.
In such companionship we take delight,
Thy visits few and far between
Are spots of sunshine rarely seen.

Thy gracious manner cheers the mind,
Thy wit expands, thy sense refines.
May sympathy enrich thy heart,
And all the joy that flows from art
And science ever blend
In rays around thy chosen friend.
Let gentleness attune her mind
And lofty thoughts engage, combine
And influence such fond devotion,
As thou wilt pay to thy selection.
When thought and feeling agitate the breast,
'Tis friendship's part to cheer, and from the
Overflowing soul draw sympathy divine,
To animate and raise the heart to sources
Of composure, that blend with holiness
And pure emotion, to train the soul
From earthly care and softly breathe the fervent prayer,
That rests in peace with purest feeling,

O'er all the senses gently stealing,
And lead us on to hope for power
To gild with bliss the passing hour.

FROM MARY.

Come, dear mother, to see me swing,
Without thee, 'tis no joy to bring
From far and wide those simple pleasures ;
Thy smile can cheer, thy sympathy can bless,
And on my childish head bestow caress.

Oh grant me skill to cheer the heart
With sympathy profound,
And with the mantle of repose
The brightest hopes disclose.
Let my spirit soar aloft,
Winged by the messengers of thought.

In such seasons of the heart's content,
The cloud that lingers on the mountain,
The pearl that slumbers in the fountain,
The bird with wet plumage and ruffled wing,
Chanticleer to usher the morning in ;
All proclaim the power on high,
To paint the blush of morning dye,
To form the circles of the heart,
And elevate the powers of art,
To train the mind to simple pleasure,
And tune the heart in joyful measure,
In adoration for the mercies given
To prepare the soul for heaven.

We seek employment for those hours,
Furnished with immortal powers
To cluster around this heart-bound spring,
To wend the way with lofty wing.

For all thy pleasure wait
In every duteous state.

To seek thy smile thou wilt approve
And sanctify our hearts with love.
'Tis thy approval gilds the scene
With rays shed from the morning beam.
And dews distilled in evening hours,
To dedicate those transient flowers.
Still cherished and loved by thee,
They'll bloom and bless eternally.

Teach us with eloquent emotion,
Fervent faith and pure devotion,
To educate these minds for heaven,
With all the powers that thou hast given ;
And let our faithfulness proclaim,
The tender love and lofty aim.

To weave the web of finest feeling,
From the treasures of the heart stealing,
Those moments, that animate and raise
The soul in anthems, and hymns of praise.

What loftier purpose, nobler aim,
Can we desire or thou still claim,
Than worship of the Holy One !
 'Twill purify these hearts from sin,
Strengthen the virtues of the soul,
'Twill animate these languid hours,
To dedicate to thee their powers.
And from the cells of holy meditation,
Draw the deepest, purest revelation.

To gain thy favor which is life,
To emulate with holy strife,
The deeds of old, the saints from far

To contemplate each constellation,
'Till thou reveal with confirmation
Strong as holy writ—the purpose of creation !

Sinful, suffering man, why wert thou
Created ? why ushered into life ?
To do thy Maker's will !
Thy feeble powers—thy earth-bound mind—
Thy sensual taste—thy limited capacity,
Where will they lead thee ?

Oh rescue from low desire,
And fill the mind with ethereal fire.
Pilgrim cease thy vain petition
And bless the terms of thy condition,
That thou wert born to soothe and bless ;
To mitigate thy brother's lot,
To raise his mind and cheer his cot.

To soften sorrows gently shed,
To watch beside the suffering bed.
To point with faithful zeal
To scenes 'twill fill the heart to feel,
To contemplate the wondrous plan,
To elevate, and save the man !

A MORNING SCENE.

What painter can portray
Such tints of heavenly hue ?
Whose pencil catch the glimpse
Now sparkling with the dew ?
Brief are its beauties,
The rain descends !
But still more brief the shower,
The cloud-capped mountains
Smile again, drest by the sunbeams power.

Calmness reigns ! the sun's withdrawn,
The sombre hue prevails ;
Meet emblems of the shifting scenes of life,
Now in smiles, now in sorrow ;
Let our hearts from these symbols borrow
Lessons wise and rare,
Pictures sketched by fancy's hand
Dance before the memory,
Gilded tints from mortal bands
Speak from the heart's treasury.

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October 3d.

The feverish dream of life will soon be o'er,
Our days pass as a tale that is told,
As we move on from shore to shore,
The magic forms seem gliding on ;
Deluded souls why cling to sin,
Why with every change d'ye bring

The senseless sounds of folly?
The notes of woe too soon ye'll hear
For talents wasted, time misspent.
'Tis wisdom then to turn the heart
And with the fatal phantoms part.
Mould the life, guide the man,
And with discretion mark the plan
That leads to life eternal.

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Those silvery clouds so clear, so bright,
Now they vary in perfect light,
Seem to my soul so joyous ;
Oh let the shadows as they pass,
Reflected in life's changing glass,
Bring feeling, thought and gladness.
My heart is full, too full for mirth,
I cannot paint its treasure ;
The thoughts are wild, not bound to earth

Or clad in sober measure.

'Tis not of time or sense I ween,

My spirit clings to thine,

And in the realms above

Thy heart will clasp to mine.

There where purity and love do dwell,

The ceaseless anthems swell,

Here the faith has been betrayed,

But there, in spotless robe arrayed

The seraphs we behold !

They strike their harps of sweetest sound

And leave these pilgrims groveling round

This impotent display,

Then turn, my soul, oh turn away

And seek thy life above.

'Tis a fair world but 'tis frail,

Trust not thy treasure here,

'Twill pierce thee to the heart it rested on,

Then brace thy mind with holy fear.

“ We have in our breasts a heaven full of
Constellations, there is in our hearts an
Inward spiritual world that breaks like
A sun upon the clouds of the outward world,
That inward universe of goodness, beauty
And truth, we are less astonished at
The incomprehensible existence of
These transcendental heavens, because
They are always there, we foolishly
Imagine we create, when we merely
Perceive them.”

Bright stars light us on our way,
And turn the twilight into perfect day.
“ Do you find no consolation near,
Rise and seek it higher like the bird
Of paradise, who, when his feathers are
Ruffled by the storms, rises higher where
None exist.”

“ No emotion remains the same, but the
Newborn are sweeter—nothing fades,
The growing plant throws off its leaves
In harvest, but it blossoms again,
And at length is a perfect tree.
Man has many springs but no winter.”
Beautiful thoughts, rich as rare,
Oh could you with my bosom share
The peace and strength ye should impart ;
“ Upon the church-yard of the whole earth
Should this universal epitaph be placed :
Here lie the beings who in life knew not
What they would have.”
Build upon the rock of faith, then let the
Floods descend and the winds blow,
It resists them all, firm and erect it
Weathers out the storm, the angel of the
Lord sustains it, his bow of promise will

Never be withdrawn, the colors fade not,
Eternal in the heavens, doubt not his care,
His supporting arm sustains the weak, the
Trusting, "the wind he tempers to the shorn lamb,"
And to the tempest of the soul cries
Peace, be still !

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October 14th.

Cherish thy mother ! she hath borne for thee
Pain, and grief, and sorrow ;
The morning's dawn, and the midnight
Lamp, have marked her watchfulness.
Small attentions are cordials to the heart.

Oct. 29th.

Look not for the harvest here,
Weeds do spring
And ill plants bring
Their blossom and seed.
But genial fruit must come
From celestial shores and heavenly home,

Where taint nor blight, nor promised hours
Are shaded by the nightly showers
Of deep despondency, then clear away
Unholy mists and night-dew shades.
Then spring again with holy light,
When morning bursting on the sight
With gladness fills the mind,
The autumnal tints with varied dyes
Speak in tones of changing powers,
Resistless as the passing hours
That wend their flight with rapid wing,
And hasten on Time's ceaseless spring ;
That bears us on to those bowers,
Preparing by the heavenly powers,
Where sinless hearts shall meet,
Where robes whiter than the snow adorn,
Or fleecy trains then wrap the forms
Of ransomed ones above.

MY FATHER'S BIRTH DAY.

Nov. 10th.

When all thy tender care I think of,
“Memory swells with many a proof
Of recollected love.”
And when thy watchfulness I speak of,
My heart full justice to thy memory does.

Refined and purified I see thee now,
Immortality has clad thy noble brow
With wreaths eternal, and o'er thy
Chastened spirit has shed the dews
Of life divine.

“I love to set me on some steep
That overhangs the billowy deep,

And hear the waters roar ;
I love to see the big waves fly,
And swell their bosoms to the sky
Then burst upon the shore.

What lov'st thou ?”

I love to muse on God's vast love—
Unite the serpent with the dove—
To mark the bow of peace.
Bid sorrow smile and anguish cease,
In converse with a friend,
Delight such joys to blend.
To read affection in the eye,
And hopes immortal in the sky,
With everlasting love ;
Such holy influences adore,
And on thy thirsting soul implore
The blessing from above.

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Where are the hearts that held us dear ?

Where are the arms that pressed us here ?

Beneath the sod

They rest with God,

Immortal hopes revealing.

Be still, my soul, all thy fears concealing.

His love is ever present,

His power omnipotent !

Whom have we in heaven but thee ?

Upon the earth there's none we desire beside thee.

Riches and grace thou'lt give,

And with thee let us ever live,

These hopes imploring ;

Pleading thy promises,

Thine attributes adoring ;

Comfort thy children here,

Forsake not these little ones,

For of such are thy kingdom.

Bless thou the hoary head,
Support thou the dying bed,
Leave not thy saints comfortless,
Bind up the contrite heart—
Bid all its fear depart,
Casting its care on God alone.

June 21st.

A peevish shower, an April day,
The fashion of this world passeth away.
The places that know us, shall know us no more,
The friends who now love us, shall weep as before.
Then treasure the sparks of affection that gleam,
And gather the roses on life's varying stream.
Come, thou sparkling wit and gems of thought,
With fancy filled and feeling wrought,
Thy influence shed, thy power resume,
My mind to elevate and illumine.

We seldom weep, when thought and feeling rush
To the heart, and sympathy deep,
With friends communing and loved ones meet,
Then the pearls of nature's forming ;
The mind and heart fondly adorning
Force their way, suffuse the eye,
Steep the heart in ecstasy ;
Breathe the prayer, stir the soul,
Seek the influence and control
Of devotion's kindest power,
Often at the midnight hour.

SPRING.

April 25th.

How beautiful it is ! oh had I the
Power to paint the scene !

The mountains parted
With the silvery wave between.

The birds with songs now welcome in the spring,
These treasures from the bosom of nature bring.
The sail, the boat with splashing oar
Awakes the echo from the neighboring shore,
The mirrored wave reflecting as it flows—
Along the bank in vernal beauty glows
Trees just budding and starting into life,
Mountains brown with every beauty rife.
The scene is tranquil, holy to the view,
The lawns are sparkling with the evening dew ;
Breathe upon our hearts this cheerful calm,
And free our spirits from the world's alarm.

Feb. 22.

The anxious mother moves through the house
With noiseless step and thoughtful brow.

Another day has dawned upon the world,
The mantle of repose is lifted from the earth.

Some awake to sin and wretchedness,
Some to pain and watchfulness,
Some to toil and sadness,
Some to praise and thankfulness.

In some lone cave the miner toils
From day to day—the pleasant light
Of heaven shines not on him ;
With patient toil his delving onward goes,
His weary heart is pressed with woes,
And penury's stern hand has filled him
With life's cares.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND GOING TO SEA.

Ah, dear Mary ! the full heart swells,
When on the lip the word of parting dwells,
And tears full and fast, from gushing
Fountains, steep the heart in fond regret.

Though wandering far and severed,
Our spirits still in sympathy meet,
We'll kneel and worship at the throne
In communion deep and sweet.

There united, let faith and penitence
Bind our hearts, till meeting in the home of love,
We dwell in harmony,
And join the anthems of the blest above.

YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

A fancy sketch my pen employs,
Now first in verse related ;
Two children met, their sires had long been friends
In battle tried, they had heard the cannon
Roar, and met the enemy face to face.

The peace concluded, that to their arms and
Country brought freedom and victory,
Full oft they shared the joy of retrospection,
And with shouldered crutch would fight
Their battles o'er, and show how fields were won.

Years had passed, their heads were silvered
O'er by time's relentless hand, their friendship
Still endured, and brightly burned upon
The altar of their youthful days.

The young friends parted, not before the
Mutual interest had endeared
The hours passed in companionship
So highly prized, although it was in
Childhood.

She to the wilderness, where oft her parents
To beguile of sorrow, and reverse of fortune,
Would climb the rock, for fruit or flowers,
Tempt the stream to catch the speckled trout.
In woods she'd boil the maple sap, or with
The Indian in the forest, braid the
Straw and weave the basket,
Or in tuneful numbers turn her wheel.

Then mounted on palfrey gray, descend the
Bank, and with an aged matron, all
Intent her solitude to sweeten, would
Ramble through the wood, gather flowers

Richly spread by nature's hand, or ford the
Dashing stream, when with raised feet to keep
Them from the river's brink, the aged steed
Would nearly swim across the stream.

The loved one of her sire—the child whose
Every wish he'd watched, anticipated
All her youthful fancies, and had in her
With parental fondness realized his
Cherished expectations; whene'er they met,
His arms expanded to receive her, she
Rushed to their fond embrace, and on his
Bosom hushed her childish fears, she
Filled his heart, and was his only daughter.

Her mother sickened, and oft in the
Silent midnight watch, while cup or potion
Warmed for her relief, would the prayer

On bended knee ascend, and with
Devotion from the heart implore the
Agency divine, to cheer and bless ; it
Came—the sainted mother sank to rest in
Her aged parents' fond embrace,
And left her child their warmest love to claim.
The old man wept—but sorrowed not as
Those bereft of hope. The Christian's brightest
Joys were his—for she whose loss he mourned,
Had led the way to immortality.
Her life had been of peace and love,
And preparation for the blessed above.

A year elapsed ! to the altar the
Maid was led, and then to former scenes
Returned, where her early childhood had
Been passed ; there advanced to manhood's
Full estate, she met the youth whose early

Fancy she had captivated ; their minds
Were cast in sympathetic mould, their
Features bore resemblance to each other ;
As sister would a brother love, they held
Each other dear ; their christian hopes
United them, and with interest deep
And true, they meditated in such sweet
Esteem, he cheered her feeblest hours, and
When intelligent delight her countenance
Illumined, in his it was reflected.

He married, and early death divided
The hearts so firmly knit together ;
On his virtues she still delights to dwell—
His sympathy and interest, a loss
Most deeply is deplored, but a re-union
In realms above, where heart meets heart,
Unwounded by reserve or chilled by

Sleight, or killed by cold neglect or blighted
Fancy, will expand and bloom, perfected
In eternity.

Oct. 11th.

The bride had left her forest home,
The dew drops on the willow hung ;
The midnight stars in silent glee,
Had sung in brilliant jubilee.
The sails unfurled, the anchor weighed,
The silent note of time betrayed
That wandering thoughts were stealing o'er
The form we shall behold no more,
Till days and months with weary pace,
The heart's remembrance shall efface.
And all those scenes so dearly loved,
Shall rise and be referred to God.

* * * *

“ A change came o'er the spirit of my dream—”

Disease had numbed the faculties, and
Sorrow with her leaden hand had pressed
Our hearts, 'twas calm and quiet.
Pleasure's glow was pale and sickly,
The measured step and tranquil eye
Turned to those scenes that never die,
Speak of the treasures God has given
To raise the wounded soul to heaven.

A VISIT TO A CONSERVATORY.

Delicate Julia raised her head,
"Mama we must go out, she said."
Mama agreed, 'twas sad to stay
Within the house the live long day.
At the word, the chariot drove up.

The ladies arrayed in bonnet and plume,
Prepared to enjoy each fragrant perfume,
The Conservatory displaying skilful taste
Where the tendrils are twined, and the sweets
run to waste.

The cammiliars and daphnes, lily and rose,
And all the exotics that ever compose
These choice retreats of odour and fancy,
To beguile the retirement of every Miss Nancy.

Heard of the poor little invalid,
Who is led to believe
That warmer suns and milder skies
Will health restore to seeking eyes.

But oh prepare, my lovely friend,
To meet thy sure, thy certain end.

Hope with delusive smile, thy friends beguile
To listen to their prayer, that thou mayst live
To bless them with thy love.

We perceive that thou art really ill,
And little hope remains, that thou wilt live
To smile again in health.

Mayst thou be filled with immortal wealth,
Cheered and solaced on thy way
By meek-eyed piety.

* * * *

No church without a bishop !
No state without a king !
No poets in America
This doleful change to ring.

Her rivers flow, her mountains rise,
Her valleys swell in sweet surprise.

'Tis the roaring of John Bull I hear,
He fills my mind with wondrous fear.

That after all his pious care,
His feeble offspring to prepare
For life's noble duties,
They should pour forth such feeble ditties.

Brother Jonathan can fight,
But alas, alas, he cannot write—
In the field of battle, alack, alack,
He's often cast the furious bull flat upon his back.

“ 'Tis only the dregs of Europe that we see,”
So I should suppose by the buzzing of the bee.
Such lordly strides, such noble airs,
To grace our fields, and deck our fairs.

Such condescension ne'er was seen
To draw the friendly line between,
Such gracious smiles, when pleased I trace,
Dispel the awful thunders of his face.

This fondest hope I cherish in my heart,
That all his noble sons will soon depart,
Leaving these wilds their native sons to charm
And all those harmless critics thus disarm.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

Where for consolation seek
When earth retires
And hope expires?
Poor shatered bird!
With dripping plumage

And wounded wing,
Whither, oh whither will ye bring
Your heart's delight.

The evening primrose
And the morning light
Will note your beauties
And hymns of praise,
That you to your benign Creator raise.
Without his notice not a sparrow falls—
The heavens are spangled with balls,
Denoting wisdom and power supreme.

Let us read as written with a sun-beam
All the love from God to man—
The eternal source of joy,
Teeming with every plan
To ennoble and to bless !

Thy hairs are numbered,
Why doubt his care ?
He feeds the raven, paints the lily,
Bids the bud unfold ; and to the
Troubled bosom whispers peace.

“HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.”

Are these the children thou nourish'd at thy breast,
To promote whose welfare thou hadst unquiet rest ?
Are these the beings thou fondled in thine arms,
Whose sobs thou hushed, and still'd their false alarms.

Affection's streams descend, nor upward run,
Our life is wasting, declining is our sun,
Their babes in turn will claim their tender care,
Parental love inspire, and all those joys prepare.

Cherish the parents who have given you rest—
“Honor thy father, and thy mother honor,”
'Tis the first command with promise given,
It blesses while on earth, and then prepares for heaven.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Her prayers for the child of her love
Were in season and out of season,
Oh succour him ! Thou hast tried his heart
With adversity ; with prisons thou hast
Visited him—friends have failed,
Hearts grown cold, but God is a present
Help in every time of trouble, and
Doth not willingly afflict the children
Of men.
Let him hold fast his integrity with

His life ; let thy rod and thy staff comfort
Him ; let thy love be to him the pillar
Of cloud by day, and of fire by night.

Attended a lecture on the Planetarium.

“ The heavens are the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars that thou hast ordained.”
Heard the motion of the planets explained,
Their relative size, position, and order,
The inhabited state of Saturn’s border.
Supposed to exceed in intellectual wit
The earth’s inmates, as far as its size
Surpasses our planet—
Saturn having four moons, the earth but one.

Has the Savior visited all those worlds
With the same benevolent intent?
Are these myriads of intelligences .

To communicate and exchange
In thought and feeling, all united
As the children of the most High, to shine
As stars in the firmament of God ?

Assist us to sustain and embrace
This ennobling contemplation.
Let it expand our minds with
Electrifying power, animate
And spiritualize every renewed
Effort, till from glory to glory all
Shall be revealed.

Feb. 12th.

Heard Mr. B. on the wants of the age—
He would break the fetters custom has
Imposed, free the mind and the life
From the chains of fashion, break the

Icy bands and iron cleats—let heart
And intellect, and faith be free.
Loose him and let him go, the Savior
Said of Lazarus—let us have the liberty
Of the children of God, the freedom wherewith
Christ hath made us free.
Give us great thoughts and noble purposes,
Leave us not to grope in the dark, or
Grovel in the dust—but let the light of
Day illumine our path, and the sun of
Righteousness prepare our faith.

Joined with the —— in rich repast,
Discoursed of the Catholics and religious fasts.
She would sternly reform the present age,
Strike out the dandy and insert the sage.
With powerful arm and resistless will,
Command the bounding billows to be still.

The good old paths have all pursue,
Annihilate with frowns all things new ;
The young command with birch and rod
To honor their parent and adore their God.
Setting the injunction still apart,
My son, my son, give me thy heart.

TO MRS. C. A. D. W.

QUINCY, 30th October, 1841,

My father's birth-day.

MY DEAR NIECE :

I HAVE delayed acknowledging the receipt of your volume of journal and correspondence of my dear sister, your revered mother, until I should have read it entirely through, a practice which I always observe in reading a collection of letters. I have found it indispensable for the preservation of any deep interest in the topics to which they relate. Letters written in the domestic intercourse of families are necessarily much diversified as to the subjects upon which they are written, as to circumstances to which they relate, to the incidents which they record, and to the state of mind, of health, and of temper with which they are composed. Strangers, or even mem-

bers of the family of the writer, who after a lapse of years read several of them in immediate succession, can scarcely enter into the spirit with which they are animated but by reading few of them at once, and by alternately laying by and taking up again the book.

Thus have I read yours, and there is at this day no other person living, who can feel a tythe of the interest with which it has affected me.

The writers are all of them among the dearest, tenderest and most affectionate relatives whom I have enjoyed upon earth—a father, a mother, an only sister whom I ever knew, and her beloved husband. With a part of my sister's journal I had long been familiarly acquainted, as during her first residence in England, she had been in the constant habit of sending a copy of it to me, then a student at Cambridge, and afterwards at Newburyport.

Your father's letters I had never before seen, but have now read them with much pleasure. The 17th letter, written on the 20th of June, 1787, at Madrid, afforded me peculiar amusement, by recalling to my mind an histo-

rical incident in the life of Charles V., after his abdication of the throne.

The account of his mode of life in his retirement, and of his death made a deeper impression upon my mind than the history of all his wars and all his intrigues, and the lesson that he learnt by the fruitless attempt to bring the striking of clocks into unison, wrought with such power upon my imagination, that many years since, I worked it up into a versified tale; of which, in the hope that it may afford you some amusement, I enclose herewith a copy.

I thank you for the dedication of your book, and for the separate copy of each of the two engraved prints.

The portrait of my sister is a memorial upon which I can never look but with pleasure, which it is but just should be reflected upon her daughter.

I am, my dear niece, your

Affectionate uncle,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

CHARLES THE FIFTH'S CLOCKS.

WITH Charles the Fifth art thou acquainted, reader?
Of Ferdinand and Isabel the grandson,
In ages past of Europe's realms file leader
Among the mightiest of all ages, one.
Spain, Germany, his sceptre swayed,
With feet victorious over France he trod,
Afric' and Italy his laws obeyed,
And either India trembled at his nod.
Well, reader, this same monarch mighty,
Like many of his stamp before,
Down to the latest of the set
Whose names I leave in blank as yet.

And with Napoleon you may fill,
Or Alexander, as you will ;
Charles seated upon all his thrones,
With all his crowns upon his head,
Built piles on piles of human bones
As if he meant to reign the sovereign of the dead.
He kept the world in uproar forty years
And waded bloody oceans through,
Feasted on widows' and on orphans' tears,
And cities sacked and millions slew.
And all the pranks of conquering heroes play'd
A master workman at the royal trade,
The recipe approved time out of mind,
To win the hearts of all mankind.
But heroes too get weary of their trade ;
Charles had a conscience, and grew old,
The gout sometimes an ugly visit paid,
A voice within unwelcome stories told.

That heroes just like common men
One day must die, and then
Of what might happen Charles was sore afraid.
Of Charles's wars, need little here be said,
Their causes were ambition, avarice, pride,
Despotic empire o'er the world to spread,
Revenge on Francis, who proclaimed *he lied*,
And chiefly Luther's heresies to quell.
To prove the wrong of Reformation
With fire and sword, and desolation,
And save the souls of Protestants from hell ;
But when the humor came to save his own,
Charles stripp'd off all his royal robes—
Dismissed his double globes—
Cast down his crowns—descended from his throne,
And with St. Jerome's monks retired to die alone.
Charles had a maggot in the mind,
Restless, that needs must be of something thinking,

And now to keep his spirits from sinking,
Employment often at a loss to find,
Much of his time he spent in prayer ;
In penance for his evil deeds,
In saying masses and in telling beads,
In self chastisement, till he bled,
A drop for every ton of others shed ;
And much his little garden claim'd his care
In planting cabbages and plucking seeds ;
But these were simple occupations,
And Charles, so long in Empire's toils immers'd,
So deep in all their intricacies vers'd,
Some pastime needed, full of complications.
So long his study had been *man*,
His sport, his victim, *man* of flesh and blood,
That now with art mechanic he began
To fashion manikins of wood ;
Soon he became a skilful mechanician

And made his mimic men with so much art,
They made St. Jerome's Friars start
And think their royal master a magician :
Leagued with the mother of all evil,
Like Dr. Faustus, soul bound to the Devil.
At last the fancy seized his brain
Of perfect instruments for keeping time.
Watches and clocks he made, but all in vain,
He never could succeed to make them chime.
With choice chronometers he lin'd his cell ;
No two at once would ever ring the bell.
Now mark the moral of my tale,
Which flash'd in sunbeams upon Charles's soul ;
When he whose chisel could prevail
Man's outward actions to control,
So that his puppets seem'd as good
As living men, though made of wood ;
Yet ever baffled found his skill

To mould two watches to his will,
He smote his bosom with a sigh
Exclaiming what a dolt was I,
“ By force constraining men to think alike,
And cannot make two clocks together strike.”

J. Q. A.

1823.

A DREAM.

ELLA dreamed a sketch of bewitching beauty,
Which she cannot paint in cold reality.
She was in a vessel borne o'er the briny
Deep, and thou didst follow in a tiny
Barque frail and shell-like,
Tossed on the foamy billow,
Rocked on the ocean's pillow.
Thou hadst but one companion, an aged
Moor, with whiten'd locks ; with graphic
Skill didst guide the artist pencil and
Sketch'd the scene—it seem'd to her like Prospero.
They landed and were transported where

Alternate light and darkness gleamed.

She view'd thy pencil's work enchanted.

With glowing fancy on her ruby lips

Thou press'd a kiss—she lov'd thee

In her heart of hearts ;

As she paints it now, it is cold and colorless,

But when she slept it was warm and glowing.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WE love the mighty stir of the great city ;
Its busy sounds, its notes of industry,
Are all to us of pleasant interest.
We gaze upon the pressing throng, and all
Their various purposes of life in
Review are brought before us ; the struggles,
Fond hopes, and disappointments, with the schemes
Of wild ambition—and fashion's
Votaries not a few, parade the canvass.

But in the hall of science, where intellect
And talent captivate, and accomplished
Minds portray the sources of true wisdom,

'Tis our deepest joy to listen to the
Councils of their admonition, to
Hear those heavenly themes discussed
With meek humility, and the onward
Path of virtue dressed with cheering flowers.

Far in ourselves retired, deep thoughts
Within our bosoms spring.
More than all else desire purity of
Heart, and love that fills the eternal mind,
Ceaseless implore aid from above, and
Direction seek to fulfil the purposes
Of life. Rejoicing on thy way, let science
Guide thee to her peaceful cell, and
Contemplation elevate thy mind
To stores of knowledge, and the deep
Springs of mental beauty, which will invigorate
Thy powers, and forth will spring a harvest

Of celestial fruit, to satisfy the
Cravings of the immortal mind when
Things of earth shall cease to impede
And clog the wings that soar aloft
Amid the aspirations of the blest.

There was a sympathy united us
Unseen by mortal eye, and love,
Tender and deep, cheer'd and refined
Our inmost hours.
Their memory remains to us a
Vision of loveliness ; could we entwine,
With recollections of them aught but
Of blessings, when to us they were the
Guardian angels that point to heaven
As the scene of all enduring blessedness,
And the perfection of our exalted
Nature, that with beings unnumbered

We shall praise and serve the Father.
Clouds will be beneath us, and onward
Tend each purpose of creation still to
Raise the soaring spirit from star to star
Of glory. The buds will bloom unfolded,
And the quenchless flame still upward
Tend, to renew itself forever.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON THE VISIT OF MRS. H.

With her children all around her,
Here she sits at the lov'd home altar.
Unmoyed by thought, untouched by care,
We freely breathe the mountain air.

When wafted to times long past,
Companion of my childhood's hour !
In sport we culled life's opening flower,
'The buds were fresh and pure.

No chill or blithe our friendship knew,
But hand in hand the virtues grew,
And ripened into fruit.
And now the branches all are fair,

Polished with culture still and rare,
And teeming with delight,
As years advance and time unfolds
The prospect to our view.

Gently descending the vale of life,
May each solace and emotion
Brighter prove, angelic scenes unfold,
And visions full of immortality
Burst upon the soul.

Ah, then still undivided on
Friendship's altar let the flame ascend,
And when all is changing
Let me find my friend.

RETROSPECTION.

WHEN life's fair dream has passed away
To three score years and ten,
Before we turn again to clay
The lot of mortal men,
'Tis wise a backward eye to cast
On life's revolving scene,
With calmness to review the past
And ask what we have been.

The cradle and the mother's breast
Have vanish'd from the mind,
Of joys the sweetest and the best,
Nor left a trace behind.

Maternal tenderness and care
Were lavished all in vain—
Of bliss, whatever was our share
No vestiges remain.

Far distant like a beacon light
On ocean's boundless waste,
A single spot appears in sight
Yet indistinctly traced.
Some mimic stage's thrilling cry,
Some agony of fear,
Some painted wonder to the eye,
Some trumpet to the ear.

These are the first events of life
That fasten on the brain,
And through the world's incessant strife
Indelible remain.

They form the link with ages past
From former worlds a gleam ;
With murky vapors overcast,
The net work of a dream.

J. Q. A.

Quincy, Sept., 1840.

AN ACROSTIC.

I N all the vast abodes of thought,
O 'er all the springs of mind I seek,
H onor and wisdom I invoke, when
N ear thy image I behold !
Q uenched not, is the lustre of thine eye,
U pon thy brow meek justice sits.
I nscribed upon my heart,
N e'er to be effaced by time,
C ould all the recollections of the past
Y ield, this would still remain.
A round her memory dear to us all
D ost cling remembrances
A ll powerful—tender and
M ost sweet, and lasting as the
S oul's immortality.

AMID the cares of state, the jar of worlds,
The conflicts of deep feeling,
Thou wilt grant some moments to sympathy
And unite in blest communion
And deep affection, with one
Who treasures up the remembrance
Of our hearts dear companions,
Whom the grave cannot separate,
O'er whom death has no dominion,
But whose love yields recollections
To be unfolded in eternity.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

Oct. 5th.

REJOICE, ye saints, rejoice in light,
For to your circle ever bright
Is added one most fair.
From earthly woes a soul's released,
A spirit freed from care.

Purity and love his mind possessed,
With every virtue blest,
Each grace adorned his life.
Then strike again your living lyre,
And from the source of holy fire

Celestial anthems raise.

He lived, he toiled in virtue's cause,

And sang his Maker's praise.

Weep not for him, he's joined his home above,

The aspirations of his heart were love

And sanctity ; no dross defiled the

Temple pure, the offerings rose devout ;

The man was holy and walked with God.

L I N E S

AFTER HEARING DR. ——— PREACH.

“ REMEMBER me,” the Savior said,
Then bowed his meek and lowly head.
Remember thee ? Oh Lord, we will,
Love and obey, and serve thee still.

In the dark watches of the night,
When silence reigns and nought is bright,
We'll think of all thou doth for us,
And humbly place in thee our trust.

Hoping thou wilt ever bind
In wreaths of joy this trusting mind,

With gracious hopes our souls inspire,
Then cling to thee with warm desire.

Elevate our hearts, unite us to thyself,
Fill us with thy immortal wealth,
Banish all despondency,
And let us live, still trusting thee.

RESPONSE.

RIGHT—remember Him,
And He'll remember thee ;
Your eye shall ne'er grow dim,
Nor shall your strength decay.

He'll not forget you when
He makes his jewels up ;
The Lamb who once was slain,
With bliss will fill your cup.

And when the shining ones
Shall bow before his throne,

He'll bid you join their songs
And own you as his own.

Through all eternity,
Your song and joy shall be—
The Lamb of Calvary
Lives to remember me.

P. S.

DEDICATION HYMN.

WHAT though no stately dome arise,
With costly pomp and sacrifice ;
To thee the grateful heart we bring,
Refreshed from thy eternal spring.

The off'ring thou'lt accept and bless,
Crown our weak efforts with success,
And let our trusting faith record
The progress of thy love and word.

Impress thy law upon our hearts,
And give the joy thy faith imparts ;

'Tis blessedness to be with thee—

From doubt O set us wholly free !

From earth to heaven still point the way ;

We serve thee best when we obey ;

Then hasten with thy blessing, Lord,

Calm every fear, and spread thy word !

THE IVY AND THE OAK.

ON the Ocean of Life we embark,
But the world is cold and stern ;
The blighted blossoms droop and fade ;
The tendrils of the heart essay in vain
Its smiles to win—'tis motionless
At pity's call : on nobler motives
Set thy mind, and soar above
Its fleeting treasures, 'twill pierce
Thee to the heart if rested on—
Then plant thine anchor in the skies.

March 25, 1842.

TO THE MEMORY OF M. W.

YES, thou art gone, yet still we linger here !
Faithful to thy Father's will ;
We feel thy loss ! the love of God prevailed
O'er thy whole heart, and filled thy soul with
Faithful zeal.
Let us still kneel in spirit at the throne
Where angels worship. May the cares of earth
Prepare our minds for rest above,
Where thy spirit waits for those thou left on
Earth to mourn thy loss, and seek thee in the skies.

REMEMBER ME.

IN IMITATION OF MRS. OPIE'S "FORGET THEE! NO!"

BY THE HON. E. EVERETT.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train

Of those around, thy homage pay,

But wilt thou never kindly deign

To think of him that's far away ?

Thy form, thine eye, thy angel smile,

For weary years I may not see ;

But wilt thou not, sometimes, the while,

My sister dear, remember me.

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,

Surrounded by the gay and fair,

And thou, the fairest of them all,

Oh, think not, think not of me there !

But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,

And hushed the voice of senseless glee,

And all is silent, still, and lone,

And thou art sad—remember me.

Remember me—but loveliest, ne'er,

When, in his orbit fair and high,

The morning's glowing charioteer

Rides proudly up the blushing sky ;

But when the waning moonbeam sleeps

At midnight on the lonely sea,

And nature's pensive spirit weeps

In all her dews—remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not

In Flora's gay and blooming hour,

When every brake has found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower—
But when the fading leaf is sear,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold autumn sighs—remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,
The hour when, on the gentle lake,
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling to the margin, break ·
But when the deaf'ning billows foam
In madness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them, and—remember me.

Remember me—but not to join,
If haply some thy friend should praise,

'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,
To echo what the stranger says.
They know us not ; but shouldst thou meet
Some faithful friend of me and thee,
Softly sometimes to him repeat
My name, and then—remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind nor meet,
My thought thy pleasure should alloy ;
But on the sacred, solemn day,
And dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then—remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
On thee for ever, ever dwell,

With anxious heart and drooping eye,
And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell ;
But in thy calm, unclouded heart,
Whence dark and gloomy visions flee,
Ah ! there, my sister, be my part,
And kindly there—remember me.

A NOCTURNAL EXCURSION.

WE must mount our Pegasus,
(A horse or a ship with nine wings,)
And on to Parnassus.
The night it is stormy and dark,
The stars are not twinkling,
The moon she is missing,
And we fear to get out of the track.

Hope goes before, her visions impart
All that can strengthen our plan—
Our golden swords we wave,
Our station take amid the brave ;

When lo our foes the monsters rave,
We refuge take in yon dark cave,
A hermit there we found ;
A sage of other days,
His mossy couch, his humble cell,
His limpid drink from yonder well,
His silvery locks, his noble form
Seem bent with age, and now the storm
Of passions deep,
Beneath his brow had ceased to keep
Their wonted vigil.
Years had passed since with the
World he'd ceas'd to mingle ;
He rov'd in forest, glade or dingle,
And sought to draw from the neighboring stream
Refreshment for his evening meal.
He pity took on our lone state,
And all he had he freely gave—

Offering to the traveller faint
His couch, his cheer, his recollections of the past ;
All drawn with graphic skill
From memory's deep and holy fount.

His tales were of the olden time,
When youth and health,
Beauty and wealth,
His ardent gaze attracted.
The friends he loved,
The bride he won,
His hopes destroyed
Had nigh his brain distracted.

But resignation now
His breast had visited,
And the allotments wise
Though deeply tried, his love and faith

Had triumphed ; the follies
Of his youth he'd felt,
And wisely turned his
Thoughts within, there to
Seek his happiness.

With calm desires
He now aspires
To worship in the spirit ;
His sorrows are assuaged,
His passions lulled
In mild repose,
And all he seeks,
Or asks for now,
Is dismissal from the scene
Of former conflict,
The patient waiting
For the call to come
And be at rest.

We left him thus,
He kindly gave his benediction,
And implored all needed aid
To guard and keep us on our way.
“The iron tongue of time, told three upon the drowsy
ear of night.”
Already weary we dismissed
Our steeds, and resolved most wisely
No farther then to travel.
The day then dawned,
And the realities of life
Once more surrounded us ;
We justly concluded to
Waste time no more,
But on with the business of life,
To cook and to bake, and to brew,
And with poets and hermits
Have no more to do.
'Tis more than enough, adieu, adieu.

L I N E S

“ Blessed are they who mourn,
For they shall be comforted.”

SEND down thy Spirit, Lord,
Upon these hearts sincere,
Lighten the burden by thy word
And banish every fear.

Cherish the buds of promise given,
Nor spend thy life in grief;
Thy hopes will bloom anew in heaven,
Thy sorrows find relief.

Then cheer thy mind with God's best gift,
The power to improve

Thy faculties for him,
Who all thy life hath mov'd.

Let lofty hopes and meek desires
Thy mind still freshness bring,
Till on thee dawn with heavenly choirs,
The everlasting spring.

Nov. 21st, 1841.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN 1823, IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY, AFTER THE
SIGNATURE OF JOHN ADAMS.

BY L. M. SARGENT.

HIGH o'er the Alps in Dauphiné

There lies a lonely spot,

So wild, that ages roll'd away

And man had claim'd it not.

For ages there the tiger's yell

Bay'd the hoarse torrent as it fell.

But there the mountain beast, dismay'd,

No more in peace shall roam,

For man, unsocial man, hath made

That wilderness his home ;

And convent bell, with note forlorn,
Is heard at midnight, eve, and morn.

For now, amid the "Grand Chartreuse,"
Carthusian monks reside,
Whose lives are passed from man recluse,
In scourging human pride ;
With matins, vespers, aves, creeds,
And crosses, masses, prayers and beads.

When thither men of curious mood,
Or pilgrims bend their way ;
To view this Alpine solitude,
Or heaven-ward bent to pray.
St. Bruno's monks their album bring,
Inscribed by poet, priest and king.

Since pilgrim first with holy tears,
Inscribed that tablet fair,

Time on its flood, some thousand years,

Hath roll'd like billows there.

What countless names its pages blot,

By country, kindred, long forgot !

There chaste conceits, and thoughts divine,

Unclaimed and nameless stand,

Which like the Grecian's waving line,

Betray some master's hand.

And there St. Bruno's monks display,*

With pride the classic lines of Gray.

While pilgrim ponders o'er the name,

He feels his bosom glow,

And deems it nothing less than fame,

To write his own below.

* When Gray visited the "Grand" Chartreuse the monks presented their album, in which he wrote a beautiful ode, which is inserted in his works.

So in this album fain would I,
Beneath a name that cannot die.

Thrice happy book, no tablet bears
A loftier name than thine ;
Still followed by a nation's pray'rs,
Through lingering life's decline.
Still honor'd as when erst obeyed,
That trembling hand an empire swayed.

Not thus among the patriot band,
That name enroll'd we see ;
No falt'ring tongue, no trembling hand,
Proclaim'd an empire free !
Lady, retrace those lines and tell,
If in thy heart no sadness dwell !

And in those fading, struggling lines,
Oh see'st thou nought sublime ?

No tott'ring pile that half inclines,
 No mighty wreck of Time ?
Sighs not thy gentle heart to save
The sage, the patriot from the grave ?

If thus, ah then recall thy sigh,
 Unholy 'tis and vain ;
For saints and sages never die,
 But sleep to raise again.
Life is a lengthened day, at best,
And in the grave tired travellers rest.

Till with his trump, to wake the dead,
 The appointed angel flies ;
'Then heaven's bright album shall be spread,
 And all who sleep shall rise.
'The blest to Zion's hill repair,
And write their names immortal there !

TO THE SUN-DIAL,

UNDER THE WINDOW OF THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THOU silent herald of Time's silent flight !

Say, could'st thou speak, what warning voice was thine ?

Shade, who can'st only show how others shine !

Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light

In day's broad glare, and when the moontide bright

Of laughing fortune sheds the ray divine,

Thy ready favours cheer us—but decline

The clouds of morning and the gloom of night.

Yet are thy counsels faithful, just and wise,

They bid us seize the moments as they pass—

Snatch the retrieveless sunbeam as it flies,

Nor lose one sand of life's revolving glass—

Aspiring still, with energy sublime,

By virtuous deeds to give eternity to Time.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

No morn was ever ushered in
With brighter streaks of light,
Cerulean clouds were tinged with gold,
The damask and the white
Were blended, through the arch of heaven.

Rejoice, rejoice, the Christians cry,
The anniversary of Christ has come,
The shouts of joy reach to the sky,
This day the Saviour's born.
Each lisping child is early taught
With joy to hail the day,

The treasured gift, the rhymed thought,
Are all arrayed in hope's blest ray.

No selfish joy possess'd that generous breast,
That freely offered, bled, and died,
The sacrifice at once complete,
The sinful race of mortals rescued
From evil power, and all its force defied.

O'erflow my heart, with love supreme to God,
And adoration to his Son,
The heavenly host of seraphs loudly sung
When mortals were redeemed
And all their sins atoned.

Glorious, yet awful hour !
The lamp of ~~day~~ stood still,
The heavens were veiled in clouds of wo ;
Silence, solemn, and unbroken, revealed

The power, of man's repeated guilt,
That drew from the celestial world,
God's only precious Son—on earth to be a wanderer,
He had not where to lay his head,
No home received the heavenly stranger,
Unaided by a mortal hand, alone,
He trod the path of duty,
Yet not alone, for God was with him.
But when accomplished once his mission,
The bliss the glory of redeemed souls
Tuned with sweet harmony the heavenly lyre.
Forgiven, restored, and elevated man
Again lays claim to all his Maker's love,
The Lamb proclaimed glad tidings of great joy.

No more shall faith and sorrow plead in vain,
The Almighty ear is open ; ready stands
Our Father, calling to his erring children,
Return, return, give not your hearts to earthly

Rest ; raise, oh raise that suppliant eye
To heavenly scenes of joy, that never, never die.
Father, thy face we'll seek, thy aid implore
Feebly at times ; but thou, to whom our
Weakest hours are known, rememberest we
Are dust, and must to dust return ;
But from the tomb the soul shall rise immortal,
Conscious of her powers, and dwelling
In the sunshine of thy love.

EXTRACT

FROM MEMOIRS OF MRS. INCHBALD BY BODEN.

I admired Madam de Stael much ; she talked to me the whole time ; so did Miss Edgeworth whenever I met her in company. These authoresses suppose me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory. But with Madam de Stael it seemed no passing compliment ; she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me to explain to her the motive why I shunned society ? Because, I replied, I dread the loneliness that will follow. “ What, will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither ? ” “ Yes.” “ I should think it would elevate your spirits.

Why will you feel your loneliness more ?” “ Because I have no one to tell that I have seen you ; no one to describe your person to ; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my ‘ simple story ;’ no one to enjoy any of your praises but yourself.” “ Ah, you have no children ;” and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother’s joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life, than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty. I called by appointment at her house two days after ; I was told she was ill. The next morning, my paper explained her illness. You have seen the death of her son in the papers ; he was one of Bernadotte’s aids-de-camp ; the most beautiful young man that ever was seen, only 19 : a duel with sabres, and the first stroke literally cut off his head ! Neckers’ grandson !

Letter to Mrs. Phillips.

NOTES FROM A MANUSCRIPT.

BY E. P.

You inquire my opinion of Madam de Stael. I wish I could send you my "Germany;" you might judge whether or not I prized it, there are little stars enough to replenish the zodiac, if there should ever be need of it.

I am never disposed to be philosophical or critical when speaking of her merits, and can employ nothing but the language of feeling. She speaks of the human heart like one who has deeply felt, and mourned and rejoiced.

To Madam de Stael I cannot help applying the substance of one of her own remarks on the subject of novel reading. I find in her writings all that I myself have

felt, those interior sentiments which had been nourished in the retirement of my own heart, laid bear to inspection, and it sometimes produces an emotion of melancholy ; I feel as if the sanctuary had been violated, I more than once closed the book with tears in my eyes, exclaiming almost audibly, oh tell me no more ! This it is to write from nature.

We have philosophers enough, the world is overrun with them, but our philosophers do not feel, or those who feel do not philosophize.

After all the exigencies of life are satisfied, does there not remain to some of us a superfluity of soul, which the cares of life cannot, must not, ought not to exhaust ; without prudence the world would not go on, and if there were nothing in it but prudence, who would wish to live in it ; by prudence I mean a comprehensive name for all those ordinary qualities by which the solid interests of society are secured, but not polished—not endeared, not hallowed.

Oh still may enthusiasm and poetry, her eldest child, and all the rest of her blessed kin, gild and delight, and cheer the rugged path of our life !

I could often wish, if the wish were not a murmur, that my heart had been formed without these strange and fearful tendencies, this deep disgust for things that are ordinary, and therefore proper, this desire to possess such an affection as was never yet granted to a mortal, and could not be enjoyed in safety.

I am so sensible of the demands of my own nature, that until I meet with a being whose commanding talents shall awe, while his gentleness wins, I shall continue to sail, like the Arabian bird through the fields of ether feeding upon nutmegs, but never alighting. Whenever I find a genius I will pay him the homage of my admiring heart.

It is desirable in an intellectual and perhaps in a moral view, that we should at particular periods of life devote ourselves with great assiduity to some new and interesting study, no matter whether it be a language or a science, and this for the purpose of arousing the soul from its slumber, and preventing it from sitting down in complacency or apathy upon its acquisitions. To study a new science obliges us to examine the boundaries of the old ones which we have already attained, and it appears to me impossible to kindle a new light in the mind, without adding to the brightness of those that are already burning.

A CITY RAMBLE.

VISITED the poetess, her ardent mind
Enquires why comes he not ?
To cheer my heart, console my lot.
His pure exalted soul
Is raised beyond control.

With a friend conversed
Oh rare and true, are such
Noble qualities as meet in you.
Mrs. — fresh and fair,
In beauty deck'd with jewels rare,
Good humor'd smiles, with cheerful heart ;

Angelic stores of wit impart,
And lustre shed
On gilded roof or lowly bed.
Why has slumbered thus my pen
When folly stalks abroad with men !

But one hour I must not omit :
'Twas fill'd with genial thought and wit.
Emblem 'twas of passing scenes,
The Muses' stores were all unlocked,
The shepherd and the flock
Rambled at will—and Sympathy
Joyed to find herself reflected.
Thus in a world of our own,
With images ideal,
Substantial joys all real,
We glide along gently
On the current of time, and mark the throng

Whose busy notes fill up the silence,
And people the desert with images.

“ Can I walk down Broadway
With this pink bonnet so gay ?”
Said a sober divine to his friend ;
I’ll try not to smile
My thoughts to beguile,
Then ’twill soon have an end.

The way was long, the dresses fine,
Sparkling wit and face divine
Elated the party with gas ;
And in the midst of sage reflection,
They would now and then turn to admire the lass.

The bows and the graces,
The moustached grimaces,

With ringlets and sunbeams,
Gay colors and day dreams,
The time was beguiled and seemed short.

I know not when I've received such
Attention, said he,
The world seems so gracious,
All in good glee,
The beaux that I meet smile approval.

When W. W. left his post,
As sick of folly as any ghost,
He said to me, beware of traps,
Coal pits, delusions, and gay pink hats.
Whene'er I walk abroad to meditate
On awful sins, humbugs of the day,
Or to pick up pins,
I do remember me of his sage advice
To guide my steps in halls so nice.

Whene'er I prattle with the ladies,
Or talk with fond mammas of babies,
I ne'er forget my thoughtful friend,
Who warned me of the approaching end,
And cased my mind in armor bright,
To shun the darkness, use the light.
Our walks through life will useful prove,
It as companion we take the muse,
Out thoughts to elevate, our wishes raise
To themes of rapture, notes of praise.
For recreation too is given
To cheer the heart, and form for heaven.

Next Dr. — then we met,
His cordial manner, warm regret,
Banished all distrustful thought,
And to our fancy fully brought
The joy from genial spirits fraught.

Down the way so broad we walked,
His arm we took ; we cheerly talked,
He gave us many a gracious look,
Absolving without bell or book.
Father —— then stepped in,
We were suprised to find us in such company ;
It gave us joy their fond regard to mark,
And raised our minds, soaring with the lark.

LINES BY H. W.

CANST thou, wilt thou divine aright,
A reason why like Melzinga is
Delicious rose at early light
When morn doth first its petals kiss?

Just like a rose at morn's first dawn,
Profuse of odor and rich of tint,
Delightful Melzinga is I pray,
Why is it so? Why, there's *****

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on.





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